

He used to be a god

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He used to be a god

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Dream remembers soaring through the clouds, happily with his friends.

That was hundreds of years ago.

In other words : prequel !

The end of an Era

Dream used to be a god. There was a time he would soar through the sky with his winged brethren, living in harmony together. They were all completely at peace with each other. Dream, Sapnap, George and handful of the others had big golden wings. They were the most powerful of the rest. They ruled the land in the sky leaving each day happily. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end.

Dream remembered it like it was yesterday despite it behind hundreds of years ago. A dragon's egg appeared one day, and red vines started to grow around the egg. They spread throughout the floating islands. When the vines touched someone's wings it's broke their mind. Anyone corrupted by the vine's touch was filled with a lust for power. War broke out among them. Dream and the others with golden wings opened a portal to a world between theirs and the void. They trapped the dragon's egg there before it hatched and all of those who had fallen victim to it's madness. In the history books it would later be called the end, as it's creation marked the end of an era. The end of the rule of the winged. The start of human kind.

It should have been a sign then, as Dream watched those he once considered friends be damned to an eternity of suffering without showing a hint of emotion over it, that there was something wrong with him.

His wings were corrupted by the disease, as were Sapnaps and George's. Their minds seemed to not be corrupted yet. To save themselves they cut their wings off. Only a few people were spared from the disease. Only a handful of people kept their wings. While the other winged people died of old age Dream and Sapnap and George remained. The last remaining of their kind who had golden wings. Immortal, yet no longer gods.

Although Dream cut his wings off his mind had been touched by the disease. It wasn't enough to break his mind, but it was enough to corrupt it. Dream wanted power, he wanted something to control. Sapnap, George, and him argued over this. They never noticed the white eyes he hid beneath the mask.

They went their separate ways. George and Sapnap went to a far off land to build lives for themselves. Dream didn't want to live a simple life like them. So he built an empire. It started small, known as the SMP, but grew over time. Having an immortal king bodes helpful in the growth of a kingdom. Dream observed the land around him watching the rise and fall of nations. One of the newer kingdoms, the Antarctic empire, started to grow powerful. It's borders inched on Dream's land and eventually took some of it over.

His jealousy and anger only grew once he met the king. The man had wings. Not as beautiful as his were, they were a gray brown, but they were still wings nonetheless. While it was uncommon to see people with wings now they still exist. The gene passed down through generations only making itself visible every few decades. Him and the king went to war and the Antarctic empire won. Dream's kingdom was overthrown and he was banished.

That was around 100 years ago.

The birth of a Prince

Dream stayed in the shadows observing then kingdoms. Another country grew next to it, dubbed Manberg, and the two were at peace. Dream's new kingdom (you didn't think he'd give up did you?) was pitiful compared to the empire he once reigned over. The new king, King Philza he believed, another winged king, knew of him but didn't care. He probably assumed he was a descendant of the man who fought his ancestors. Living for a hundred years was unheard of after all.

They had even had what Dream would dare call a peace treaty. When Dream's land struggled through a famine King Philza helped them until it passed. Dream should have been grateful for the kindness, should have taken what he could get and been happy with his small kingdom. He wasn't.

The virus in his mind grew restless. When he heard of the birth of King Philza's third son a plan hatched in his mind. The king already had twins, a boy with brown hair and a pig hybrid with pink hair. The boy with brown hair was probably part pig too, as was Philza, but their features weren't as prominent due to the fact the gene was small. Like the wings.

Dream hated hybrids. They were another side affect of the red vines. While the disease broke the mind of those with wings, when it touched the animals it made them part human. It was unfair how it gave them life yet stripped him of his wings. *He didn't care about his family who were hurt, he cared about his wings.*

Hybrids were rumored to be unwelcomed as citizens in his kingdom. While there was no official rule, he never tried to prove the rumor wrong. It was also known all the castles's servants and workers besides the guards were hybrids. Dream assured King Phil and President Schlatt, another disgusting hybrid, that it was a coincidence. He wouldn't want to lose the trust of them after all.

That's why he needed to execute his plan perfectly. No one could know it was him. A few weeks after the birth of Theseus, another winged baby he heard, he snuck into the castle. His hood drawn high over his head and another mask on his face. Different then his usual smile.

He made his way to the babies nursery quietly. It was big and full of toys, more than the spoiled brat deserved he noted. He never thought to take Phil's other sons during their birth. He wasn't even sure why exactly he wanted to take Phil's youngest. When he heard the boy had wings it peaked his interest.

So there he stood in front of the boys crib. Theseus written on the side. Dream sneered. *What a stupid name.* The baby slept soundly, short blonde barely long enough to frame his face. Golden wings wrapped around himself.

After seeing the golden wings Dream didn't hesitate to pick the baby up and hold him to his chest. This was better than he could have ever imagined. He left the castle silently avoiding

being seen and made his way into the woods. The next morning when the King found his son's crib empty many search parties were sent out, but by then it was far too late.

Two Boys In A Cabin

Chapter Summary

CW : implied abuse, dehumanization

TangledAU Dream sucks ass fr

Taking the boy had more upsides then Dream could have imagined. King Philza invested so much time and men into trying to find his son his borders became weak. Dream slowly inched his way over them. The kingdom's spirits were also low. All of the citizens mourned the loss of their Prince.

So a few years later when he saw President Schlatt's four year old son in the garden almost alone he killed the guard and took the ram boy. Originally he planned on throwing it in a river somewhere, he had no desire to be anywhere near a hybrid child. Not like Tommy, who he renamed and planned to care for until he was older. The blonde boy was an annoying brat but he was tolerable. Dream could handle him until he was old enough. The ram boy on the other hand had no use to him beyond weakening Manberg. As he thought about it though, he realized having company could help Tommy. Especially as his kingdom grew he knew he wouldn't be able to be around him as much. He'd distance himself.

So he took the ram boy home and raised the two together. All it took was a little.. *conditioning* to get Tubbo to bend to his will. At the time the hybrid boy was already soft spoken and meek, a stark contrast to it's self absorbed bastard of a father. He quickly taught the hybrid it's place and punished it whenever necessary. Never in front of Tommy, he couldn't destroy his image after all. Tommy wouldn't have understood the necessity of his actions. The poor thing saw hybrids as his equal. When he was older perhaps, but for the time being he did it in private.

Every few months Dream would take care of Tommy's wings. He'd gently run his fingers through the feathers and tug out the lose ones. A few would come out every time. He always did it as slowly and carefully as possible. Running his fingers through the feathers more than necessary to remove the lose ones. Tommy seemed to love these sessions while Tubbo would stand watch from the side. Usually with hint of jealousy in it's eyes, *good* Dream had thought. Though Dream hadn't seen it look jealous in a while. Perhaps he grew too lenient on the hybrid, something he'd have to fix.

Tommy never questioned what he did with the feathers he collected. He's glad the brat didn't. Him asking about or having an attachment to the feathers could have complicated things. He knew some of the winged people liked to keep their feathers even after they had come out. His collection grew slowly over the years. Tommy's wings grew bigger and beautiful. Dream was prideful.

Tommy didn't know much about history, neither did the ram. Dream didn't want them to learn about the winged people or what happened to them. So he filtered the media they were exposed to. He read through a few approved books with Tommy curled up on his lap. He'd run his fingers through the boy's hair fluffy blonde gently. From an outside perspective it probably looked like Dream loved Tommy.

He was at an annual meeting with King Philza, President Schlatt, and a few of the smaller neighboring kingdoms leaders. Prince Technoblade at Phil's side. His twin never came to the meetings though Dream wasn't sure why. He didn't bother to learn the names of the other kingdom's leaders. They spoke about the land's health and the crops. Dream only half payed attention. He was going back to the cabin again later today, it had been around a week since he was there last.

It was almost Tommy's 11th birthday. The Antarctic Empire held a festival every year and it had already begun with the festivities. It seemed a little weird to have a celebration on the anniversary of the lost prince's birthday (I mean Rapunzel's parents that's kinda fucked when you think about it). At the end of the celebration they played music loudly. Prince Wilbur insisted it would lead *Theseus* home one day. It was annoying and a stupid idea. Even if Dream didn't know where the Prince was he would have thought it was stupid. He drummed his fingers on the table thinking about what he'd get Tommy.

Phil stood suddenly as the meeting came to and end. The other members left leaving just Dream, Schlatt, Philza and Technoblade. "Thank you for all your help on the construction Dream" Phil spoke. He looked down at the plans that sat on the table. Dream said he had drawn them for him, but it was actually the work of one of the hybrids from his kingdom. That thing didn't need recognition though so Dream took the credit. It's not like anyone would find out. "Of course" Dream said, a mask covered his face but the grin that sat underneath could be heard in the way he spoke. "I know how hard it is for you right now." He barely tried to conceal the mocking in his tone and he knew the others in the room heard it. Technoblade glared at him silently. "I never had kids but I can imagine the pain you must feel, both of you must feel. I truly am sorry." He noticed Schlatt's hand tighten around the bottle of whiskey it held.

He made his way to the cabin carrying Tommy's gift, a small trident he bought in the Antarctic Empire. It wasn't very useful inside of the cabin but Dream figured Tommy wouldn't care. He'd see 'ooh shiny' and run with it. After unlocking the door and sliding his mask off his face he set his bag down. He heard Tommy's signature loud footsteps bound down the hallway. The boy was energetic as he ran to Dream's arms.

He was impressed with how much Tommy loved him. Perhaps him rarely being around added to that. He need Tommy to be dependent on him and trust him, so despite disliking the clinginess he was happy with this result. He looked over Tommy's head and saw the ram hybrid standing in the doorway. It's eyes on the floor submissively. He couldn't help but grin at that too. Everything was exactly as he wanted it.

It seemed Dream forgot one of the biggest lessons his life ever taught him. All good things must come to an end.

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